# Emily's New Route

It was Summer on the Island of Sodor. There was a lot of work for the engines to do, carrying holidaymakers and goods up and down the lines.

But the engines liked being busy, and the sun was shining in the sky, so everyone was happy, all except for Emily.

Emily was working down at the Docks with Salty, shunting trucks into the sidings, and she wasn't enjoying it at all.

Salty tried to cheer Emily up with one of his stories. "It's about a lighthouse, a box of oranges and a fishing rod," said Salty. "It all started when . . ."

Only Salty seemed to enjoy his stories about the sea, and Emily had soon stopped listening.
"Oh, I wish I could do something different," she said.

Emily's wish came true the very next morning!

"I am opening up some new routes," said The Fat Controller. "Emily, I want you to pull the Special going to the Flour Mill."

Emily couldn't wait to tell James and Thomas about her new job.

"That's a good job, better than mine," said James. "I have to go to Black Loch. There are big stones on the track that bash my buffers and scratch my lovely red paint."

"And he's frightened of the Black Loch Monster," added Thomas.

"What sort of monster?" asked Emily, nervously.

"Nobody really knows for certain," said Thomas. "There are black things that appear in the water by the track, dark shapes that come and go."

"Nonsense" said James "It's just a silly story At least I think so

But Emily was not so sure and she was very glad she did not have to go to Black Loch

The next morning Emily puffed to the Mill and the flour was loaded into her trucks

Then keen to do a good job on her new route she quickly chuffed along the tracks to the bakery

But that day the trucks had
decided to be naughty

Hold back hold back they
screeched They put their brakes
on so that Emily had to put really
hard It made her very slow and
she was so late that there was no
flour to make fresh bread that day

The Fat Controller didn't have any toast for breakfast and he was very cross "If you're late again I'll have to send you on the Black Loch run instead of James" he told her

Poor Emily! Black Loch was the very last place she wanted to go

'I mustn't be late! I mustn't be late!' she puffed.

The next morning, the trucks were still playing tricks.

"Off we go  off we go " they g ggled
"Mustn t be .ate  mustn t be .ate

But the trucks weren't coupled
up properly and when Emily
puffed away  she .eft some of
them beh nd!

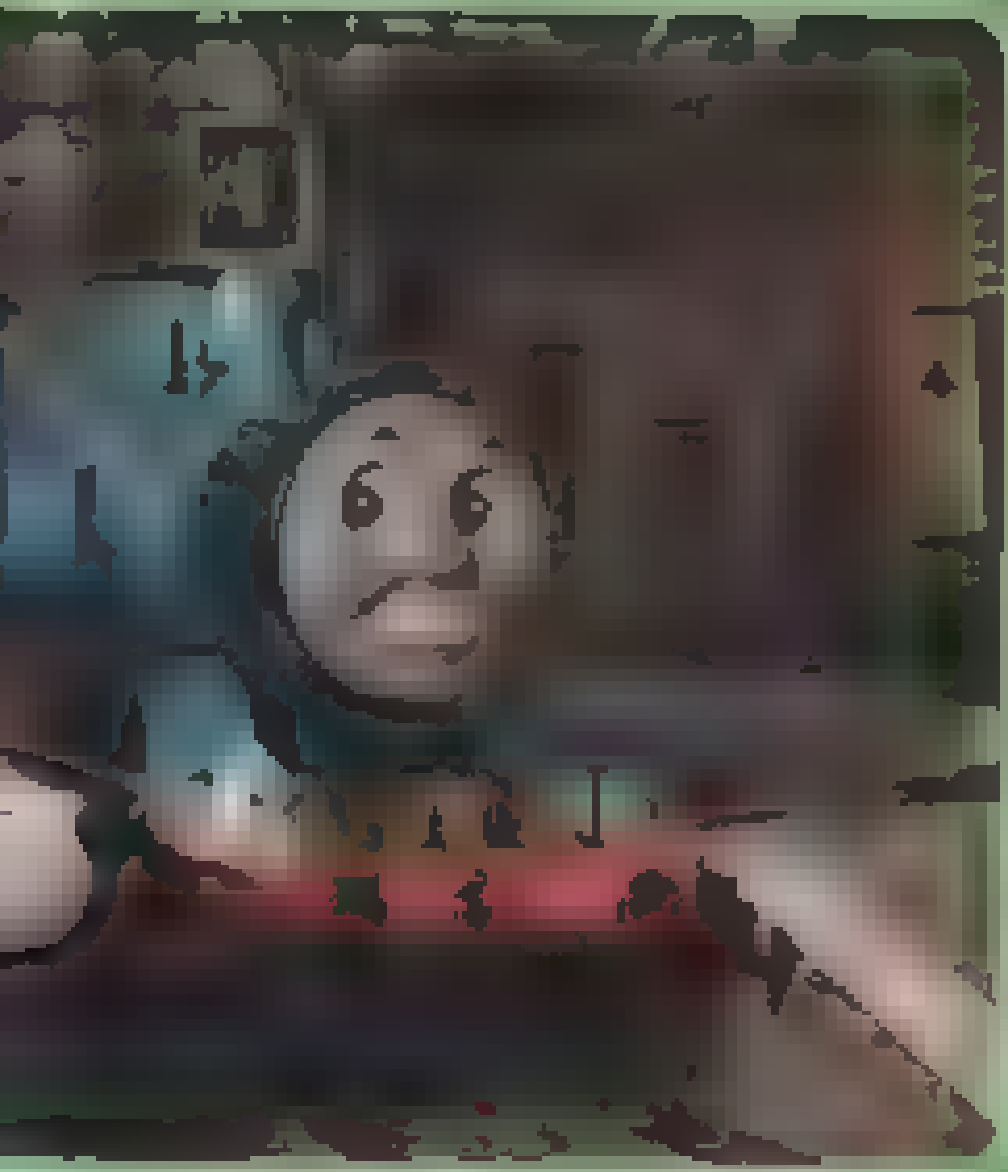
When Emily realised she had to go all the way back to get them And still the trucks were being naughty Emily's late Emily's late they sang

That made Emily cross - VERY cross She biffed the trucks so hard that they rolled into the duck pond with a big SPLASH The flour went into the water and made a sticky gooey white mess

The trucks were covered in it - and so was Emily

Poor Em y was in even more
trouble now

"You have caused confusion and
delay The Fat Controller to d her



James will take your four run
The Fat Controller continued And
you must do the Black Loch route

"Oh, no" huffed Emily sadly
Not Black Loch"

The next morn ng Emily puffed to the stat on to collect her passengers

They were hol daymakers and she cou d see that they were really looking forward to the r tr p

Em y knew she mustn t let them down so she took a b g puff and steamed off

Emily was steaming along beside Black Loch when the water started splishing and splashing and she suddenly saw dark shapes moving towards the shore.

Emily's boiler shivered. She was very scared. "It's the monster!" she wheeshed.

But it wasn't a monster at all
- it was a friendly family of seals
who had come to say hello!

"Onk, onk!" said the seals.

Emily liked the seals so much that after work that evening she took Thomas to meet them.

"You were right, Thomas," said Emily. "I did like the Black Loch run, after all."

# THOMAS & FRIENDS

Emily hears a story about a monster on her new route. Find out how Emily conquers her fear, and how the monster isn't really what it seems!

www.thomasandfriends.com

HIT entertainment

£2.99

egmont.co.uk

ISBN 978-0-6035-6414-7

9 780603 564147

DEAN